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# THE HIDDEN NAME

## AND OTHER POEMS

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THE HIDDEN NAME  
AND OTHER POEMS.



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# THE HIDDEN NAME

“ Great is the mystery of Death : greater is that of Life ;  
but beyond both is the deep mystery of the union of the  
Universal with the sons of men.

Life and Death are but the footprints of His feet, when  
He draws near to manifest Himself : these we may see, but  
Him as yet we see not, for He is invisible.”

## PART I.

A BEING from another world than ours  
Desired to learn of earth and earthly things ;  
Therefore he took a form of mortal mould,  
In outward semblance he became a man  
And dwelt upon this earth for many years.  
Though ignorant of many sides of life,  
And tasting at the first of joy alone,  
He had the power to learn and understand.



And once, between the hours of night and day,  
When darkness struggled with the coming dawn,  
He wandered forth beyond the haunts of men,  
And came unto a garden full of flowers.

A garden, yet with aspect somewhat strange,  
For flowers were interspersed with carven stones  
On which were written many names of men,  
And all the place was silent and alone.

And as he wondered at this garden fair,  
He saw a stranger, like himself, approach :  
A man of noble mien and quiet grace,  
A face, though sad, of power and guileless truth.  
The stranger came from out the garden gate  
And made as though to pass unnoticed by,  
But paused in courteous manner when addressed.  
The Pilgrim from the spheres thus questioned  
him :

‘Sir, who art thou, and what thy business here,  
And what the use of this strange silent spot?’

‘My friend,’ the man replied, ‘the Lord of all  
Hath given me many names : I am His Son,  
His Servant and His willing Messenger ;  
He sends me to and fro about the earth  
To do His will, and when ’tis fully done  
I go to Him and show Him all my work,

And then He blesses me and speaks my name ;  
A name that no man knows save He alone,  
Nor ever shall, until through pain and strife  
His children all return to His embrace.  
One title have I which thou well mayest know ;  
Men call me their last Enemy and Death.'  
(And then he chanted words of strange import).

### THE SONG OF DEATH.

The sun is dark, the evil days draw nigh,  
Quenched is the spark of that diviner 'I.'  
The clouds return after the heavy rain,  
No pleasure dwells with me, but only pain.  
The keeper crouches trembling at the gate,  
The strong within are bowed beneath their fate.  
The lattices are closed, the doors all barred,  
By awful dreams the sleeper's rest is marred.  
The women grinding at the mill are gone,  
For bread the hungry children get a stone.  
The voice of music and the song of bird,  
The harp and viol are no longer heard.  
The high brings fear, the low is but a snare,  
The almond, though it blossom, shall not bear,  
And in the scorching heat and blasting wind

The grasshopper's shrill cry distracts the mind.  
The mourners go about the silent street  
Where friend and neighbour shall no longer  
meet.

The silver cord is loosened at the wheel,  
Useless the golden pitcher and the seal,  
For dust to dust returns, and earth to earth,  
And better is the day of death than birth :  
Man's body turneth to its native clay,  
His spirit to his Maker soars away.

#### PART II.

The Pilgrim turned away in deep distress.  
' Is this the end of all the sons of men ?  
Doth Nature bear her children but to die ?  
Can the All-Father take delight in pain ? '  
And then there fell a veil on everything ;  
The colour of the rose was shed like blood,  
The lilies were but pallid ghosts of flowers,  
Instead of perfume rose the scent of death,  
And every stone declared some broken heart.  
' Then surely I will hie me back again  
To that fair land,' he said, ' from whence I came.  
And yet, I cannot tell the reason why,—

But a strange longing springs within my soul  
To know that other, hidden name of Death.  
*He* spoke of pain and struggle, sin and grief  
As necessary ere that name be known :  
Then will I suffer, struggle, bleed and die,  
If I may share that blessing from the Lord.'

\* \* \* \*

It was not long before the Pilgrim found  
Some broken heart to bind, some pain to share.  
He fed the hungry, clothed the naked soul,  
And visited the prisoner in his grief.  
And more, he gave himself, his life, his all,  
And counted every loss as greater gain.  
One fear he had ; it was less taint of sin  
Should shut him out for ever from his home ;  
But e'en that fear was overthrown by love.

### PART III.

And then, one evening, wearied with his toil,  
He wandered forth again to seek that spot  
Where Death had chanted his strange song of  
woe.

But though he trod the self-same road as erst,  
He could not find that garden of the dead.

At length as night gave place to pearly dawn,  
He saw, close by, a city large and fair  
With softly-swelling hills engirdled round,  
Established like a new Jerusalem.  
  
And through it ran a river crystal-clear,  
Upon whose banks were many fruitful trees.  
Its walls were built of rare and precious stones  
In colour like the sunset bow of hope.  
  
The grassy ways were soft to weary feet,  
And every dwelling spoke of rest and peace.  
While happy people passing to and fro,  
Invited him to come and dwell with them.  
  
And as he wondered at this holy place,  
He saw the stranger, Death, again approach,  
Bearing a sheaf of lilies in his hand.  
  
The same, yet not the same, no longer sad  
His countenance was radiant with joy ;  
His garments glittered whiter than the snow,  
And on his head he wore a sapphire crown.

\*       \*       \*       \*

‘O Master, is it thou ?’ the pilgrim cried ;  
‘And may I know at last thy hidden name,  
And dwell within these walls in peace with  
thee ?’

‘ Not yet, my son, a little longer wait,  
Then thou shalt learn the secret of the Lord.  
But thou mayest know yet other names of mine ;  
I am the Resurrection and the Life.’  
(And then again he chanted a strange song).

### THE SONG OF LIFE.

No need of sun, or moon, or starry band,  
The smile of God illuminates all the land.  
The clouds drop fatness on the happy earth,  
And quicken all the dead to glorious birth.  
The gates of pearl are open night and day,  
The humble and the poor none turn away.  
The sound of grinding fills the busy street ;  
(The mills of God grind only finest wheat.)  
The strong are satisfied, the meek are fed,  
The children nourished upon heavenly bread.  
The living water flows in every rill ;  
‘ Drink, O my thirsty children, drink your fill.  
No heat shall scorch, no biting wind shall blight,  
My brooding wings enfold you day and night.’  
The dove, secure from fowler, builds her nest,  
The lark enraptured soars with thrilling breast.  
The trees of God shall never cease to bear,

And every leaf for healing shall be there.  
The lofty mountains bow before the Lord,  
The valleys shout for joy with one accord.  
And when He giveth His Belovéd sleep,  
E'en in their visions they forget to weep,  
Their Father wipes the tear from every eye,  
And gives them ecstacy for grief gone by.  
The Sons of God chant His immortal praise,  
And worship Him throughout the endless days.  
No longer quenched is that diviner 'I,'  
But merged in God in blessed Unity.

\* \* \* \*

But then a mist obscured the Pilgrim's sight,  
And when it passed he found himself alone.  
With solemn joy he traced his homeward path,  
And once again took up his life of toil,  
Nor ever prayed that he might be released.

\* \* \* \*

And when he lay upon his dying bed,  
So racked with pain he thought it was a cross  
To which some enemy had pinioned him,  
He felt a cooling touch upon his brow,  
And looking up he met the gaze of Death.  
Of Death ! of Life ! his Enemy ! his Friend !

And once again the Pilgrim's trembling lips  
Framed the petition : 'Tell me *now* thy name,'  
And gently Death responded : 'Know'st thou  
not

The hidden name of the All-Father, God ?  
For if thou dost, thou knowest thine and mine :  
For He, and I, and thou, and every one  
Have but one Life, one Nature and one Name.'

\* \* \* \*

The Pilgrim whispered, 'Yea, at last I *know*,  
The hidden name of God and Man is LOVE.'

## CALVARY.

### THE NOONTIDE HOUR.

MARCUS, *a condemned criminal, and JESUS.*

MARCUS.

‘THIS day’—he breathed—  
‘The longest day that man hath ever known  
At length is o'er.  
The blood-red sun, which all these weary hours  
Hath glared at me  
So like the orb of an offended God,  
Hath sunk at last ;  
Drawing the lid of welcome night betwixt  
His eye and mine.  
Oh cursed day ! oh blessed, blessed night ! ’

(To JESUS).

‘Speak to me, Jew ; [pass ?  
What think'st thou of the night, will it soon  
But Jesus said :

The night will surely come in His good time,  
But now 'tis day ; [height ;  
The sun hath scarcely reached his topmost  
'Tis the sixth hour ;  
This darkness is the veil upon thy heart.  
Call upon God,  
And He will shed His light of faith within.'

### MARCUS.

'I know Him not ;  
Call upon Him thyself, and ask for light,  
If He will hear :  
But see ! no longer dark—earth, sky, and air—  
All are blood-red ;  
Red as was he—the first, though not the last—  
Whom I did slay,  
The sky rains blood, and as it drips and falls  
Upon the earth,  
Blood-red the flowers spring up beneath its touch.  
All else is black ;  
The soldier-guard around, thy face and mine,  
Yon city wall :  
Black as are Stygian fields and Charon's stream,  
Black streaked with red ;

For ever and anon the lightning-sword  
    Flashes across ;  
Cleaving at once my heart and flesh in twain.  
    Where is thy God ?  
Will He not hear, and save both thee and me ? '

### JESUS.

‘ My Lord doth hear,  
And this is what He saith to thee and me :  
    My sons, fear not :  
This day ye both shall surely be with Me  
    In Paradise.  
The blood that thou dost see is but the flower  
    Of love disguised ;  
The scarlet lily of the field I made,  
    And will protect  
And bless as I do all the earth and thee.’

‘ The sky is dark,  
For I have drawn a veil between the sun  
    And suffering man ;  
Behind these clouds I dwell, Eternal Love :  
    And when that day                          [both  
Shall dawn, which I have fixed long since, ye

Shall see My face.  
I am your God from all eternity,  
    One and the same,  
And dying, ye shall live for evermore.'

### MARCUS.

'Thy words are good,  
Cleaving the veil of grief within my breast,  
    Revealing light :  
But not to me shall fate fulfil that hope,  
    Only to thee.  
Doubtless thy life is pure and free from stain,  
    Mine is not so.  
But when thy God shall bring thee to His rest,  
    Then plead for me ;  
Perchance my tortured soul may entrance gain.'

### JESUS.

'Father, forgive !  
Behold Thy son, repentant, from afar  
    Seeks to draw near.'

•     •     •     •  
•     •     •     •

The rocky heart of unbelief was rent,  
And in that hour  
The Father welcomed home the prodigal.  
And Jesus said :  
'Tis finished ! Father, I return to Thee.'

\* \* \* \*

On Easter morn  
Two bright-winged angels stood before a tomb,  
Loving the place,  
The prison home wherein His body lay ;  
But when at dawn, [cried ;  
Fearing, the weeping friends drew near, they  
'He is not here !  
He, with another, rests in Paradise  
A little while,  
Soon to return and comfort you himself.'

## THE RESURRECTION MORN.

SAY not—‘ Our Lord is dead ; ’  
Say rather—‘ Jesus lives.’  
Earth to its earthy bed  
The spirit freely gives,  
But soars itself towards heaven.

Search not within the tomb,  
Although his flesh lies there ;  
This cave is but the womb  
Of life, more rich, more rare,  
To which he now is risen.

Bring no sweet myrrh, nor balm  
From Gilead’s sacred shore ;  
His body’s holy calm  
Requires thine aid no more :  
Thy Master is not here.

Break not the sealéd stone,  
Nor wish the guard away ;  
The eye of faith alone  
Shall see its Lord to-day :  
Lo ! while we speak He’s near !

## A SONG OF SPRING.

WHEN the almond tree is budding,  
When the daffodil is blooming,  
    Then my heart awakes.  
Ere the swallow ventures northward,  
Or the lily-bud, unfolded,  
    Its brown sheath forsakes.  
  
Ere the first faint woodland warble,  
Or the nightingale's low gurgle,  
    Breathes of happy rest.  
Ere the crocus has departed,  
Or the last snow-wreath is melted,  
    Spring leaps in my breast.  
  
Hark, an Easter voice is calling,  
Rise, arise, thy wings unfold !  
Earthly bonds are from thee falling ;  
    Let the new replace the old.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah :  
Love is risen from the dead !  
Hallelujah, hallelujah ;  
I am risen in Him, my Head !

Earth is new, and new the heaven ;  
From thy cold, dead clay arisen,  
Hail, glad Eastertide !  
Gained, the life for which we've striven ;  
Failure past, all sin forgiven ;  
I am risen, who died !

## LIFE AND DEATH.

### PART I.

#### THE SUMMONS.

IN April, when the buds of Hope  
Were swelling on the Tree of Life,  
The soul of spring within me woke  
And called me forth from peace to strife.

Obedient to the vernal call  
Right gladly I forsook my nest ;  
For Earth, the mother of us all,  
Would surely give me of her best.

I wandered on until I stood  
Upon the sacred, flower-crowned hill,  
Whereon once rose the Holy Rood—  
The shadow of it lay there still.

And then I turned me to the East  
And said, ‘what seek’st thou at my hand ?  
Ask what thou wilt, O Earth, at least  
My soul responds to thy command.’

PART II.

THE DEMAND.

A silence ; then the voice of earth  
Broke like the surf upon the shore :  
' All life, to which I've given birth  
I claim as mine for evermore.'

' Bring hither all thy treasured ones,  
And lay them deep within my breast ;  
Earth is the mother of thy sons,  
And earth alone can give them rest.'

' As surely as the spring is mine,  
So surely is the dying year ;  
Mine is the golden cup of wine,  
And mine the poisoned lees of fear.'

' I sow and reap, I bear and kill,  
Give or withhold as seemeth best ;  
All creatures my desires fulfil,  
And all return to me at last.'

PART III.

THE PROMISE.

Was this the promise of the spring,  
This pitiless demand of Earth ?  
This all the comfort she could bring  
To those to whom she giveth birth ?

‘ Nay, nay,’ an inner voice replies,  
Ask what thou wilt, thy claims are just ;  
All forms are thine beneath the skies,  
And thou mayest crush them, dust to dust.’

‘ All seasons may be truly thine ;  
All Life or Death, Hope or Despair ;  
But whose art thou, canst thou divine  
Who made thee strong as well as fair ? ’

Within, within the spirit dwells,  
In thee and me, in heaven and earth ;  
The hidden God, and He foretells  
That all shall have a second birth.’

## A PARAPHRASE.

*I Corinthians, 13.*

ART thou seeking for the highest,  
For the noblest speech ?  
Do the gifts for which thou sighest  
Seem beyond thy reach ?  
Do not thou despont, my brother,  
All may yet be won,  
If thou seek them for another,  
Not thyself alone.  
Many forms the spirit taketh,  
But the life is one ;  
Many gifts the spirit maketh,  
But Love reigns alone.

Hast thou shared thy gifts with others,  
Let thyself go bare ?  
Hast thou made the poor thy brothers,  
Lived on meanest fare ?  
Could'st thou brave the fire, the water,  
Or the outstretched sword ?  
Would'st thou dare to be a martyr  
For thy martyred Lord ?  
If so,—well—but yet remember,  
Greater still is Love !

Can thine eyes survey the future,  
Pierce the mystic past ?  
See unrolled the book of nature,  
From its first to last ?  
Canst thou solve life's dark enigma,  
Tell us what is truth ?  
Forge us with thy best endeavour  
Keys of death and birth ?  
If so,—well—but yet remember,  
Greater still is Love !

Dost thou know the hidden mystery  
Of the great I AM ?  
Hast thou read the secret history  
Of the soul of man ?  
Can thy faith remove the mountain,  
Shake the solid land ?  
Does thy hope rise, like a fountain,  
In a desert strand ?  
If so,—well,—but yet remember,  
Greater still is Love !

Sweeter than the song of seraph  
Is the speech of Love ;  
Brighter than the crown of martyrs  
Is the cross of Love ;

Speech is but a clanging cymbal,  
If Love be not there :  
Thy best gift a glittering bauble,  
If Love have no share.  
Faith is great, and hope is greater,  
But the best is Love !

Love is self-forgetful ever,  
Seeketh not her own :  
Love thinks only of another,  
Lives for Love alone.  
Love is meek, and Love is patient,  
Both in deed and word ;  
Love is strong, and Love is silent ;  
Love is Life and God !

## THE TWO WORLDS.

AN earth-worm asked his brother-worm,

‘ What think’st thou of our state ?

To me it is a weary world

Of conflict, into which we’re hurled

By some relentless Fate.’

‘ We toil all day without release,

Night brings no rest from strife,

For day and night alike are dark,

And dreary, endless is our work

And useless all our life.’

‘ We dig for ever in the dust,

And scatter grains of sand ;

We creep where mortals lie all cold,

Forgotten in the humid mould

Of this strange silent land.’

‘ Removed from joy, debarred from hope ;

What meaneth all our day ?

We crawl and eat ; we toil and sigh

Until life ends, and when we die

We, too, are turned to clay.’

‘I’ve heard there is a land above,  
Unlike, indeed, to this :  
The sun makes all its happy days,  
The moon reflects his chastened rays,  
And but to breathe is bliss.’

‘In that land darkness turns to light,  
And conflict ends in peace.  
There lilies grow in meadows fair,  
The scent of roses fills the air,  
And surely pain doth cease.’

‘Oh fool !’ his brother worm replied,  
‘That land and ours are one ;  
The roots of life beneath the soil  
Are cherished by our ceaseless toil,  
And opened to the sun.’

‘And e’en those caskets of the soul,  
The bodies of the dead,  
Are by our labour purified  
And taken back from those who died,  
To give the living, bread.’

‘Think not in vain we crawl or die,  
*We* die that man may live :

Yea, more than that, for worm and man  
Are fashioned on the self-same plan,  
And each to each must give.'

' Both die that they may live again  
A nobler life above.  
They reach at last their centre-sun,  
And if they crawl, or walk, or run,  
Are equipoised in Love.'

## INCARNATION.

SING His praise in highest heaven,  
Sing His praise in deepest hell ;  
And from centre to horizon  
Let the earth His praise forth tell.

\* \* \* \*

‘Two thousand years ago,’ (*the preacher said*),  
‘The Son of God became a child for thee.’

Swiftly my thoughts reverted to that time,  
That Christmas morn in far-off Bethlehem.  
The eye of faith, made strong by rev’rent love,  
Perceived a cave, and there, safe hid within  
On Nature’s lap, the mother and the child.  
Oh miracle of grace! God stoops to thee,  
Becomes a child that thou may’st be a God.  
The Son of man incarnate was for thee.

‘But only once in time,’ (*the preacher said*),  
‘The Son of God incarnate was for thee.’

But *was* it only once, my heart replied ;  
Only one Christmas morn, one Bethlehem ?  
One holy birth, one death on Calvary ?  
The eye of faith, made quick by rev’rent hope

Scans history's page, perceiving here and there  
A man who bore the impress of his God :  
While truth from out the living past proclaims  
The Son of God incarnate was for thee.

'We suffer and we die,' (*the preacher said*),  
'Because we sin and lose our faith in God.'

But is this true? my doubting heart replied ;  
Do not the scorching rays of pain smite all,  
And just and unjust have their Calvary?  
The eye of love and rev'rent sympathy  
Perceives the anguish hid in every heart, [all ;  
And knows that death stands watching for us  
While truth makes answer : 'Lo ! in pain and  
death  
The Son of God incarnate is for thee.'

'And some He calls to Him,' (*the preacher said*),  
'And others bids depart for evermore.'

But is the Lord confined to time or space ?  
Comes He on Christmas day or Easter morn,  
To leave us lonely at Ascension-tide ;  
Is he with Jesus in Gethsemane,

And not with Simon, weeping at the dawn ?  
The dwelling-place of God is everywhere,  
In every son of man, the Lord declares,—  
The Son of God incarnate is for thee.

\* \* \* \*

Sing His praise in highest heaven,  
Sing His praise in deepest hell ;  
And from centre to horizon,  
Let the earth his praise forth tell.

*The preacher shut his book and said “ AMEN.”*

THE  
COMING OF THE CHRIST CHILD.  
THE Christ Child comes with a gift in his hand,  
With a gift for thee and me ;  
He comes from that far-off, glorious land  
Beyond Life's relentless sea.

' And what hast thou brought me, thou blessed  
one,  
From the land beyond the sea ?  
Is it peace, or joy, or the victory won,  
Or a crown of life for me ? '

' Nay, nay,' said the Christ Child, ' thou art not  
wise  
To ask for such gifts from me :  
My Father has sent me from yonder skies  
To bring a blessing to thee.'

So I bring thee sorrow, and pain and loss,  
A crown of sharp thorn for thee :  
Defeat of thy hopes and a martyr's cross ;  
For such must thy portion be.

Only in darkness can't thou know the light,  
And only in sorrow—joy :  
Only in dying can't thou live aright  
The life that has no alloy.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE voice of Wisdom and of Love  
Speaks in sweet accents from above ;  
Saying, ‘when-e’er a child is born,  
That is the real, the Christmas morn.’

‘Think not I dwell alone, afar,  
Removed, remote as sun or star :  
Before the infant Jesus came,  
I called each mortal by his name.’

‘Nor deem, unsung, a child of Mine  
Can leave Eternity for Time :  
My angel-choirs around him throng,  
While faithful shepherds hear their song.’

‘In palace or in manger bare,  
What matter, if My Love be there ;  
And, like a star, My pitying eye  
Illumines all their darkened sky.’

Ye that are rich in heavenly lore,  
Bring hither from your heavenly store  
Incense of prayer to heal each smart,  
And golden Love for every heart.

## THE LAMP OF LOVE.

A LITTLE child was born one day,  
He came straight down from heaven ;  
And ere he trod the shining way,  
A lamp to him was given.

He flew by sun, and moon and star,  
And darkling realms of night ;  
And though his path was strange and far,  
It always led him right.

The angels cried as he passed by,  
God speed thee, blessed child !  
And as he drew the earth anigh,  
The watching shepherds smiled.

Just like a star, serene and high,  
That comes before the dawn,  
His little lamp shone in the sky  
That first sweet Christmas Morn.

Close sheltered in a little cave,  
With oxen and with sheep,  
His mother prayed the Lord to save  
Her little child so weak.

The heavenly lamp was seen by none,  
Its mission was unguessed ;  
For taught by love, the little one  
Had hid it in his breast.

But not unfelt ; its rays divine  
Pierced to the hardest heart ;  
And though man could not see it shine,  
It healed his throbbing smart.

The blind man saw the face of God,  
The dumb man sang His praise,  
The dead revived, like Aaron's rod,  
Beneath its quickening rays.

The child grew up to manhood's years,  
And still the hidden ray  
Beguiled the wand'rer from his fears,  
Turning his night to day.

Whate'er the scene where he took part,  
The lamp remained the same ;  
Fed from the altar of his heart,  
It burned with steady flame.

And when, by trait'rous men betrayed,  
He hung upon the tree ;  
E'en for his enemies he prayed  
That they might pardoned be.

And ere he trod the shining stair,  
Back to his home above,  
He gave to his disciples' care  
That golden lamp of love.

## A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

COME hither, O thou childlike one,  
And hearken unto me :  
Know that the highest Son of God  
Became a child for thee.

Come hither, O thou homeless one,  
And hearken unto me :  
He makes this earth His dwelling-place,  
And spreads His tent o'er thee.

Come hither, O thou friendless one,  
And hearken unto me :  
He loves and cares for everything,  
And therefore cares for thee.

Come hither, O thou grieving one,  
And hearken unto me :  
He tasted every human grief,  
But shares all joy with thee.

Come hither, O thou sinful one,  
And hearken unto me :  
He felt the force of every sin,  
Yet holy was for thee.

Come hither, O thou dying one,  
And hearken unto me :  
He died that we might live again  
Through all eternity.

## CHRISTMAS, 1899.

AN Angel Messenger, one Christmas Eve,  
Passed from his dwelling-place of light and  
love ;

Passed to our earth, that lay beneath his feet  
Shrouded in blood, and stained with lust and  
hate.

The earth was dark, no light of moon or star,  
But ever as he walked, a steady ray  
Streamed from his feet, as from an unseen sun,  
And so I marked the pathway that he trod.

At length he came anigh the awful spot  
Where man had wreaked his wrath on brother-  
man ;

Where dead and dying lay in close embrace,  
While yet the smoke of battle hovered there.

He stooped o'er one, and as he gazed, a smile  
Rose to his lips, though in his eyes were tears ;  
' My Lord,' I whispered, ' is it friend or foe ?  
If friend, why smil'st thou, and if foe, why  
grieve ? '

He turned him quickly to me and exclaimed  
‘A friend ! a foe ! what mean’st thou by such  
words !

The Lord of Life knows neither peace nor war ;  
All are His sons, He cares for all alike ! ’

‘His name be praised,’ I said ; ‘but hearest  
thou

Afar the moan of those who bleed and die ? ’

He listened for a moment, then he said,  
‘Nay, ’tis the voice of penitence and prayer.’

And then he gently raised the head of one,  
And pillow'd it upon his heaving breast.

‘No use, my Lord,’ I said, ‘the man is dead,’  
‘Dead, fool ! ’ he cried, ‘not dead, but newly  
born ! ’

## THE SHIP AND THE SOUL.

AND then the Ship,  
Complete at last,—loosed from its earthly bonds,  
Glides from its birthplace to the sea :  
Which yielding, yet supporting, bears it on,  
Out from the land-locked harbour to the deep.  
Cumbrous before, it lay upon the stocks  
Like some dead thing, neither of earth nor air :  
But now it lives, and guided by the winds  
Leaves earth behind it, and sails onward to the  
sun.

And so the Soul,—  
When it is freed at last from earthly bonds,  
Flies from its prison-house to its true home.  
On earth it was encumbered, incomplete,  
Dumb and half-blind, struggling with earth and  
sin ;  
Striving and groping on its darkened way,  
With the eternal question on its lips  
Eternally unanswered—‘ Why ? ’  
Until the angel comes with outstretched wings ;

(Dark underneath to him, but light above ;)  
That angel who, like two-faced Janus, stands,  
One face for ever turned towards the past,  
The other forward to the life to come ;  
That dreaded messenger from the Unseen,  
Who is called Death by you, but Life by us.

## THE SEER'S VISION.

*Rev. 5.*

LET thine earth-bound senses sleep,  
Bid thy soul her vigil keep.  
Thou shalt read the mystic scroll,  
Know the starting-point and goal  
    Of the Orb of Life.

Sevenfold shall the vision be,  
Seven times shall it come to thee,  
Seven times must thou faint and fall,  
Seven times rise and conquer all,  
    Ere the task be done.

Seven times buried 'neath the wave,  
Seven times risen from the grave,  
Ere the discords be resolved,  
And the mystery unveiled  
    Of the Seven in One.

## THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE.

*Rev. 6.*

HAPPY, jocund day,  
When all work is play,  
When all night is day,  
And the heart is strong.

When the fight is done  
Ere it be begun,  
And the crown is won  
Ere the cross be borne.

Trample down, fair horse,  
With resistless force,  
In thy headlong course,  
All not wholly true.

When I stretch my bow,  
Let the arrows go  
Straight to heart of foe—  
Their appointed mark.

For my way is clear,  
And I know no fear,  
While the goal is near,  
Which I soon shall reach.

Happy, jocund day,  
When all work is play,  
When all night is day,  
And the heart is young.

## ANY TRUE FATHER TO ANY TRUE SON.

HAIL to thee, my brother !  
Friend of heart and soul ;  
Father, sister, mother,  
Part, and yet the whole !

In the past I knew thee ;  
When thou wast a flower ;  
On my stem I bore thee,  
Blossom of an hour.

In the Now behold me,  
Hidden in thy breast ;  
In the life around thee,  
Both as host and guest.

I, and thou, transfigured,  
Thou and I become ;  
Unity prefigured,  
For we two are One !

## THE LARK.

THE lark, uprising, soars on outstretched wing,  
And mounting, ever mounting, cleaves the  
skies :

My soul shall rise, and worshipping, shall sing  
A song of love, and sweet self-sacrifice.

The lark, descending, folds its quivering wing,  
And sinking, ever sinking, seeks its nest :  
My soul, when deeper joys forbid to sing,  
Shall lay herself on Nature's sheltering breast.

## COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.

O Cosmic Life !

I do not ask for any gift from Thee,  
For all I have is Thine and Thine alone ;  
I only pray Thy hidden face to see,  
And know that Thou, and I, and all are One.

O Cosmic Truth !

If I am poised within Thy boundless arc  
Where centre and circumference are one.  
What matter if my earthly mind be dark,  
Thy rays illumine me, Thou heavenly Sun.

O Cosmic Peace !

I do not need to solve the mystery,  
The why and wherefore of the web of Life ;  
If I may find Thee in the history  
Of this poor world's long agony and strife.

O Cosmic Joy !

I will not murmur if Thou comest not  
To lay Thee in the manger of my heart ;  
To bear the woes of others be my lot,  
My tears the Bow of Hope to ease their smart.

O Cosmic Love !  
Of all Thy names the holiest and best ;  
Let me but love Thy creatures great and small,  
To Thee, Thou inmost One, I leave the rest,  
Sufficient that Thine arm embraceth all.

## THE WANDERING SHEEP.

*A winter night in Nazareth, when Jesus was about seven years old. Mary is bending over the couch of her son.*

*Mary speaks :*

WHAT aileth thee, my little one ?

Why tremble in thy nest ?

See ! how the golden-purple sun

Hath sunk below the west !

The spell of night is on the land,

Hushing all things to rest :

It is our Father's gentle hand

Laid on our throbbing breast.

He biddeth all His creatures sleep

From darkness unto dawn :

He will thy soul and body keep

Until the coming morn.

See, how He watcheth from the heaven,

Holding His moon-lit lamp,

While holy angels, seven times seven,

Around thee do encamp.

His flock the weary shepherd leaves  
All safely in the fold ;  
While sleeping birds beneath the eaves  
Are sheltered from the cold.

Thy father's tools are laid aside,  
And 'neath the climbing moon  
He prays that, whatsoe'er betide,  
God's holy will be done.

Then do not fear, my little one,  
Nor flutter in thy nest ;  
But sleep until the morning sun  
Shall shine upon thy breast.

*Jesus replies :*

Nay, mother, I am not afraid,  
The night brings no alarms ;  
For underneath thy child are laid  
The Everlasting Arms.

But in my dreams methought I saw  
A silly, wandering sheep,  
That heedless of its shepherd's law  
Forth from the fold did creep.

It wandered far and far away  
Adown the steep hillside ;  
Along a strange and dangerous way,  
Where the wild beasts may hide.

And then I heard a voice resound,—  
It seemed in mine own breast ;—  
Which said, ‘Until my sheep is found  
Thy soul shall have no rest.’

Then, mother, be not very wroth,  
Nor yet of anxious mind ;  
But I must quickly hie me forth,  
And seek until I find.

There’s not a sheep but knows my voice  
In all the flocks around,  
And every shepherd will rejoice  
If one lost sheep is found.

So, mother, do thou bless thy son,  
And set him on his way ;  
And pray his sacred task be done  
Ere dawns another day.

*Mary, perceiving that the Lord had called her little son, allows him to go forth after the sheep, first dressing him warmly, and giving him his staff with a shepherd's crook at the end.*

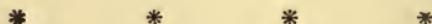
*Joseph and Mary both watch him until he is out of sight, but Joseph refuses to follow him, saying : 'The Lord will protect him.'*

*Mary sits in the room by the open door, and after Jesus has gone beyond her sight she begins to chant—*

*'Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which He would answer me, and understand what He would say unto me.'*

MEDITATION.

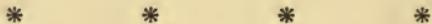
Man seeks for God in many devious ways :  
God seeks for man through all his weary  
days.  
Where art Thou, Lord, Thou Framer of the  
skies ?  
'Behold Me here,' the voice of God replies,  
*'Lo, I am here !'*



Sometimes I think I see Thee in the spring,  
When buds appear and birds are on the wing ;  
Sometimes in summer's open, sunny days,  
Or in the ripening harvest's brilliant maze.  
*'Yea, I am there !'*



But when the fields are bare, and all the leaves  
Are dead, (those little children of the trees),  
Each dropping with a sigh upon the earth  
From which so lately they had taken birth,  
Then, art Thou there ?



And when the icy cold doth clutch the land,  
Holding both man and beast in iron band ;  
When many of Thy creatures cry for bread,  
And all the earth is desolate and dead.

*'Still, I am there !'*

\* \* \* \*

I know Thou dwellest in the righteous man,  
As Thou hast done since first the world began :  
In prophet, priest, and king, and little child,  
And all the humble and the undefiled.

*'Yea, I am there !'*

\* \* \* \*

But few are these as pearls in ocean-bed,  
And many are the wicked,—Satan led ;  
From them Thou surely dost withhold Thy  
Face,

In such Thou canst not find a dwelling-place.

*'But I am there !'*

\* \* \* \*

I know Thou art a refuge from the storm ;  
A panoply of brass in war's alarm ;  
A shelter from the noontide's scorching heat ;  
A lamp to guide the pilgrim's weary feet.

*'I am the Storm.'*

\* \* \* \*

Life is the garment that Thou wearest, Lord ;  
All things become through Thy inbreathing  
word ;  
Thou art the Light, the Life, the Truth, the  
Way ;  
Thou turnest dark to light, and night to day.

*'Yea, I am Life.'*

\* \* \* \*

I know that my Redeemer ever lives,  
A ransom for my soul He freely gives :  
Yet still death claims me : none can say him  
nay,  
The flood of time must carry me away.

*'But I am Death !'*

\* \* \* \*

*Meanwhile Jesus goes forth into the moonlight.*

*He sings :*

The Lord my Shepherd is,  
And none but He can guide :  
No good thing can I miss,  
Whatever may betide.

My Shepherd leads me by  
An ever-living stream,  
Though to my darkened eye  
A desert it may seem.

In pastures green I roam,  
And if my feet should stray,  
He brings me safely home  
Along a better way.

And when death shall draw near,  
'Tis but the shade of love :  
My Shepherd calms each fear,  
And beckons me above.

*Jesus now sees the sheep, high up in an almost inaccessible place, and He calls to it :*

Come unto me thou weary one,  
    No longer idly roam ;  
Come unto me thou burdened one,  
    And I will guide thee home.

*The sheep makes no movement, and Jesus begins to climb towards it, saying :*

Wilt thou not trust thyself to me?  
    Thou shalt not be betrayed :  
My rod and staff shall comfort thee.  
    Then be no more dismayed.

*By this time Jesus has reached the spot, and finds the sheep entangled in thorns, bleeding, and almost dead. He disentangles it, heedless of his own wounds, and, making a noose of his girdle, puts it over its head, and with the crook of his staff half leads, and half supports the sheep.*

See, how the thorns thy flesh provoke,  
    Thou wanderer forlorn :  
Come, slip thy head beneath my yoke,  
    'Tis easy to be borne.

*In this way, and with much difficulty, they arrive at length at the fold.*

*Jesus cries :*

Shepherds rejoice ! the lost is found,  
The wanderer restored !  
Go, spread the tidings all around,  
And praise our Shepherd-Lord !





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